

# The TATLER

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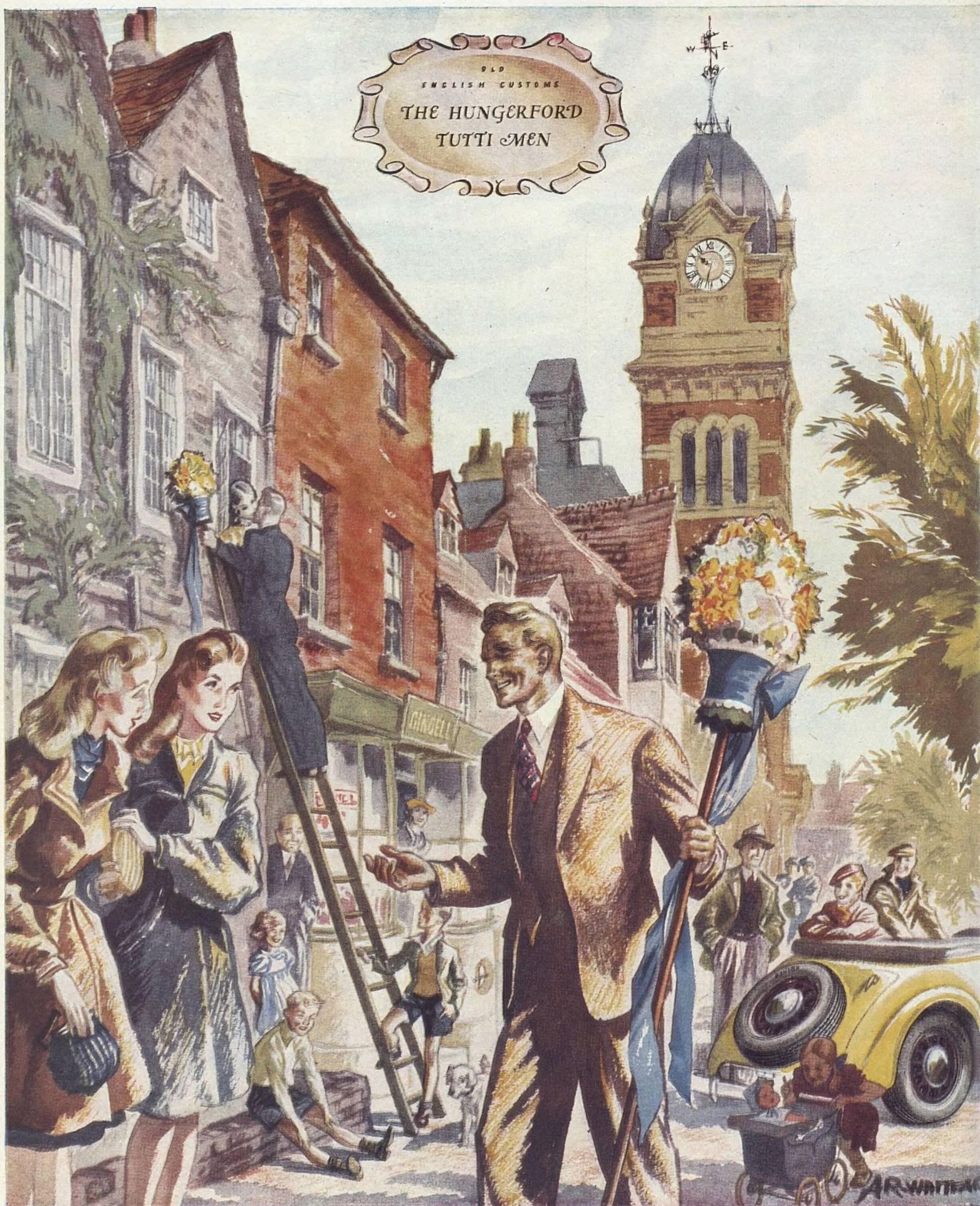


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a series of blasts on the historic horn, copy of the original presented by John of Gaunt. The High Constable, Bailiff and Tutti-men are then elected, after which the Tutti-men (armed with stout poles adorned with flowers and blue ribbon) proceed through the town, collecting coins from the men and kisses from the women.

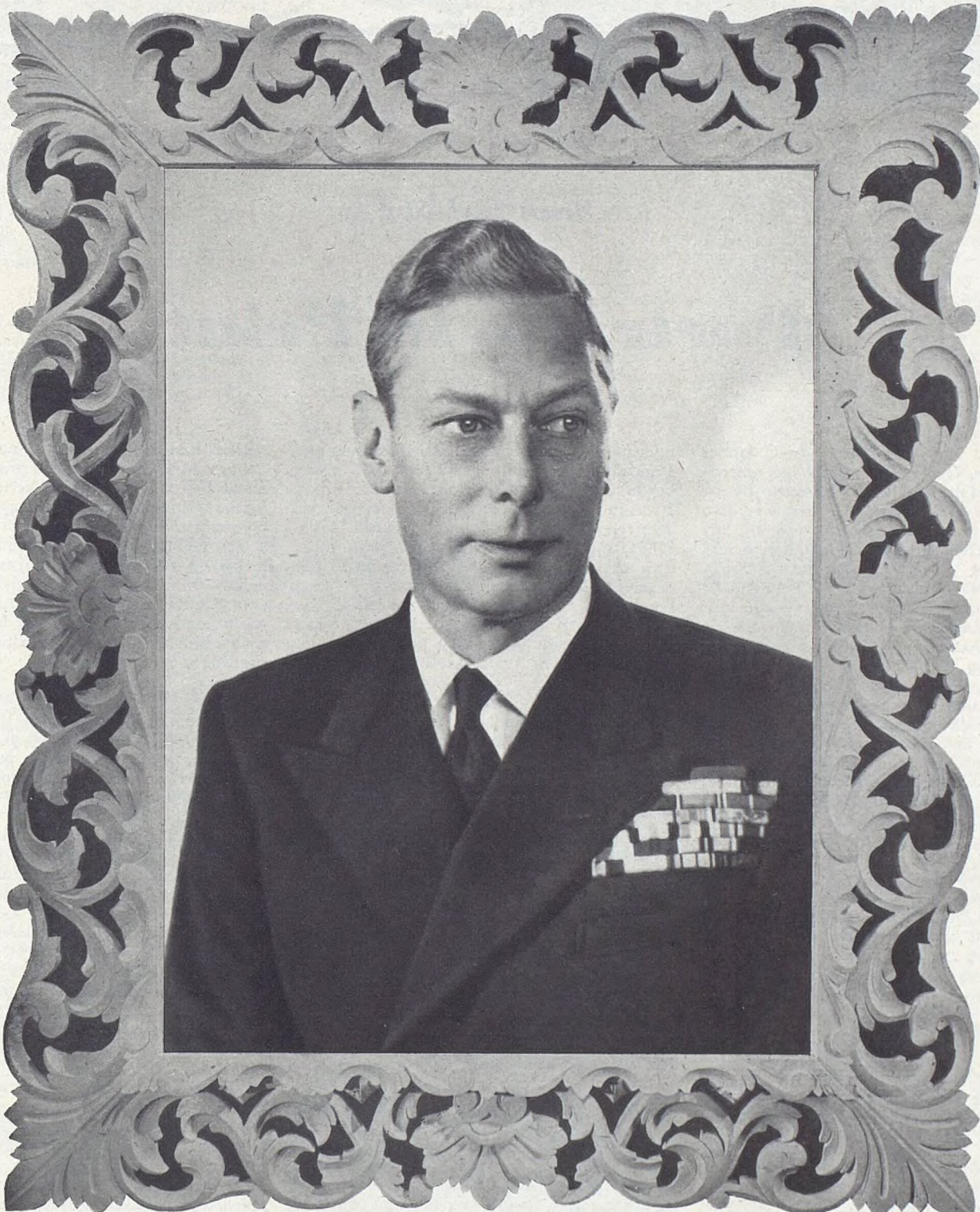


# THE TATLER

LONDON  
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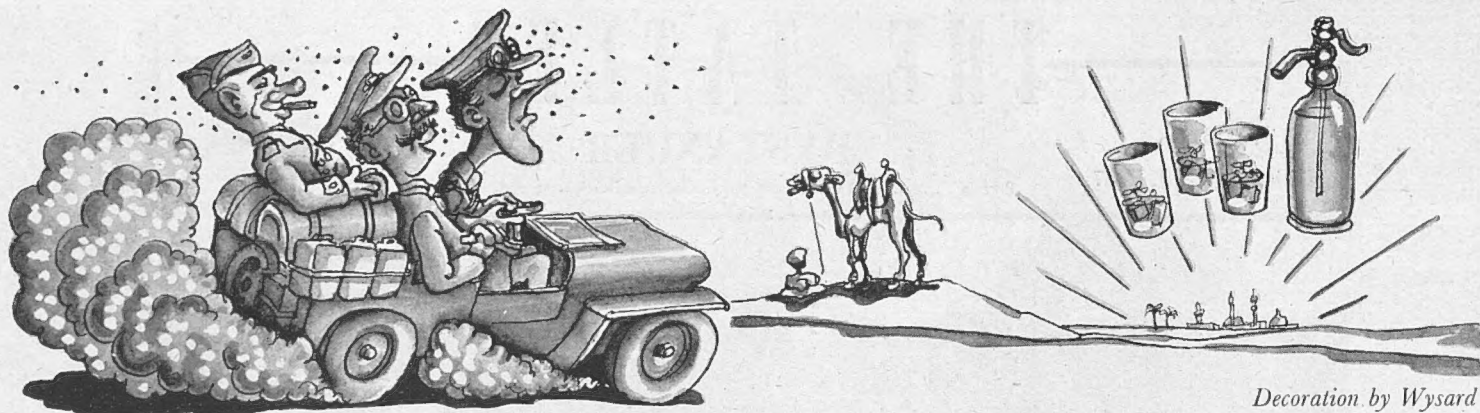


Dorothy Wilding

## En Route to South Africa—His Majesty the King

His Majesty the King, with the Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, started on February 1 on his voyage to South Africa in the latest addition to Britain's naval might, the 40,000-ton battleship *Vanguard*. The voyage is scheduled to last seventeen days, with no interim calls, and the tour of the Union will last nine weeks, their Majesties starting their return journey on April 24 and arriving back about the middle of May. Their present Imperial undertaking will recall memories of two previous ones, their visit to Australia in the *Renown* in 1927, as Duke and Duchess of York, and to Canada and the U.S.A. in 1939. It is the first visit ever to be paid by a reigning King and his Queen to South Africa, and the first time the Princesses have ever left the United Kingdom. Preparations for the tour have included a special train, cars and aircraft. There is intense excitement in South Africa at the visit, and in this country the itinerary of the Royal Family is being followed with the greatest interest and affection.





Decoration by Wysard

Sean Fielding

## Portraits in Print

I SEE that my old friend and former colleague, George Ward Price has successfully completed a 10,000 miles trip by car from London to the Cape. He took forty-two days to do it, which is good going by any standards. The journey set me thinking and then, looking up old diaries. On Sunday, April 11, 1943 (I observe) I left Baghdad by car with Colonel Wilfred Bennett—who now presides as magistrate at Bow Street—and an American journalist, Robert Strother. We were away by 7.30 a.m. and reached Rutbah Wells in time to have tea in the strange Beau Geste fort there; some argument appears then to have developed. I do not recall what it was about and all the diary says is "Argument" with no hint as to who won.

However, we pushed on from Rutbah and finally bedded down at H4 on the desert pipeline in Trans-Jordan with a mileage of 415 under our belts. On the following day we were away by 7 a.m., made Amman by 12.30, sliced rapidly down to the Dead Sea over which a terrific electrical storm was raging and were in Jerusalem by 2.30 p.m. and there "Bed—bath." What happened? Did we go to bed first and then rise and take a bath? Why is one so careless about details of this sort in a diary?

### John Broughton

THE entry has significance; that much is clear to me. But this infuriating slackness and a failing memory combine to shroud the affair in mystery and brooding reticence. Tuesday, April 13, saw us off at 7.15 a.m., breakfasting in Beersheba and rolling into Cairo at 7.30 p.m. with our mileage standing at 1,010 miles and our throats aching for the long, cool John Collins later to be taken on the veranda at Shepherd's Hotel. And dinner must have been an agreeable affair, since the diary now becomes quite chatty and

informative. Boxing was under discussion and I appear to have stated, as a fact, that boxing began in the Tottenham Court Road. At that, I was in error perhaps; but not grievously so. The reference was to John Broughton (1705-1789), the father of British pugilism. John, d'ye see, had his booth in those parts. As nearly as I can make out it was on a (now) bombed site 400 yards up on the left as you come from the Underground station. It was there he fought and there he reigned for nearly eighteen years as the Undisputed Champion. And it was there that he wrote the first Rules of Boxing; they are dated August 10, 1743, and they set out that there should be rounds, that there must be a half-minute rest between rounds and that the fists must be clenched when a punch was delivered.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the decline of sword-combat exhibitions in the reign of George I led to unarmed-combat, pugilism and finally, boxing. It is also clear that The Fancy were great supporters of boxing and numbered some useful performers among them.

### Ducal Favourite

THAT ruthless gallant, the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II, victor of Culloden Moor and cursed thereafter as The Butcher, was John Broughton's principal patron. He was at the Broughton booth a week or so before setting out for Culloden and was back there soon after the massacre. O, they were high days with old John standing there in the ring, a magnificently muscled man, very spry on his feet in spite of his weight, a left hand that came out ramrod straight and a monstrous right chop to the temple that invariably felled any who went into mill with him. He was of an original turn of mind and no sooner had taught his pupils the tricks of his trade than he invented new ones to confound them.

The Duke loved to show him off, loved to take him around with him. Indeed, John Broughton found himself, at one time, in Berlin with His Royal Highness where a regiment of grenadier guards was drawn up for inspection. "Well, Broughton," says the Duke, "what d'ye think about this lot? Any of 'em any good for a set-to?" To this John

replied that he would have no objection to taking on the entire regiment provided he were allowed to take a breakfast between each two battles. Immodest though it sounds, there is no doubt that John meant what he said.

The odds are that he thought much about this when, a little later, Cumberland disposed of him with the most brutal and callous remark ever to fall from the lips of a patron. Broughton was so unfortunate as to fall into a quarrel with a butcher named Slack who consequently challenged him.

### Sensation

THE champion was then at the very height of his powers and balked at accepting the challenge, seeing in it only punishment for Slack and no great entertainment for his clients at the booth in Tottenham Court Road. But Slack insisted, and the fight was arranged. The betting was 10-1 against Slack but nevertheless the place was packed and The Fancy, led by the Duke of Cumberland were cheering their man and betting heavily upon him.

The fight lasted just fourteen minutes. In the thirteenth, Slack caught Broughton a tremendous blow between the eyes which completely blinded the champion. There he stood, fresh and strong, unmarked almost, but pawing the air with his great fists, totally unable to see Slack. That worthy slogger grabbed fortune while he could and patted Broughton for all he was worth. The Fancy screamed. And the Duke bellowed:

"Why, Broughton, you can't fight—you are beat!"

Indeed John Broughton was beat. Slack finished the blinded man off and collected £600 for so doing. Thereafter the champion faded into obscurity—though not a penniless one—and finally died at the great age of eighty-five, being buried at Lambeth.

His place in boxing was taken by John





Jackson, otherwise "Gentleman Jackson," who was the British champion from 1795 to 1800 and who was an even more successful teacher than Broughton. They say he made better than £1,000 a year at the business and certainly Lord Byron was one of his pupils:

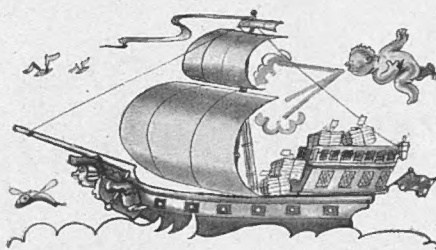
*And men unpractised in exchanging knocks  
Must go to Jackson ere they dare to box.*

Those lines were Byron's, but whose were the lines which later adorned the tombstone of Jackson in the West London and Westminster Cemetery? They ran:

*Stay, traveller, the Roman record said,  
To mark the classic dust beneath it laid;  
Stay, traveller, this brief memorial cries,  
And read the moral with attentive eyes:  
Hast thou a lion's heart, a giant's strength,  
Exult not, for these gifts must yield at length;  
Do health and symmetry adorn thy frame,  
These mouldering bones below possessed the same;  
Does love, does friendship, every step attend,  
This man ne'er made a foe, nor lost a friend;  
But Death full soon dissolves all human ties,  
And, his last combat o'er, here Jackson lies.*

#### Hansard

I HAVE one grumble only in respect of Hansard; it is so complete and so enthralling that the rest of my essential reading tends to get the fag-ends of my attention. Now comes help in the shape and form of Hansard Digest



#### "TATLER" OVERSEAS

Here at home would-be readers of the "Tatler" meet with difficulties in placing their order. But the "Tatler" is also an export. Friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

illustrated. A most excellent idea which all must praise.

From it I take this gem, attributed to Lord Mancroft: "I run the risk, I know, of being considered reactionary and pompous if I express mildly and quietly the thought

that a little military discipline does not really do any eighteen-year-old young man very much harm. The theory is that it is very demoralizing and debasing to be bawled at by a sergeant-major. It is only right that I should declare an interest; I was once a sergeant-major myself. I am afraid I must have bawled at people in a way which nowadays would be considered to be most undemocratic. But I do not think either they or I were greatly demoralized or debased thereby. I must confess that one of my squad is now serving a term of three years penal servitude in Rio de Janeiro for forgery and that another is permanently employed in the Inland Revenue; but the rest of them have turned out quite normal. Waste of time, hanging about doing nothing, frustration—these are now the enemies of the soldier. These are the things that will send these men disgruntled into the Territorial Army.

"It is the hanging about and doing nothing that is the curse of the army. That is the grumble which is most ventilated by those who have a grievance against the army.

"When Adam was digging in the Garden of Eden all was well; it was when he took time off to gossip that the trouble began. I think I am right in saying that the army is one of the very few places where you hear men genuinely complaining of being under-worked!"

## At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

TO the astonished young attaché in the French Embassy to Belgium an infuriated Brussels editor said over the telephone: "What, sir, do you mean by asking me to publish details of the marriage of Monsieur Jacques Paris? Do you not know we published the facts of the wedding about a fortnight ago?" The attaché, now formidable First Counsellor of Embassy in London, Monsieur Louis Roche, dynamic little Oxonian, for once taken aback, answered with a semi-audible laugh: "Hm, the facts are correct." But, the editor rang off.

That was Chapter One of a story of coincidences that have amused and infuriated the friends of two celebrated, rising French diplomats, Monsieur Jacques-Camille Paris, now Minister in London, and Monsieur Jacques-Emil Paris, now Minister in Sofia. They married daughters of Ambassadors within about a fortnight, in Brussels, they are about the same age, and have second Christian names that may be commonly mispronounced by non-French colleagues.

Good friends, the two diplomats spent much time swapping letters meant for the other Paris when they shared a house in London, in wartime.

JACQUES-CAMILLE PARIS is busy with a Briton, American and Russian at a table for four in London, helping to settle the fate of a Germany which France perhaps understands better than the United States or the United Kingdom, since she has had the more intimate experience of invasion—thrice in seventy years.

Monsieur Paris of London looks at the world with surprised eyes: maybe he is surprised to be among us, to be a diplomat, to be occupying so vital a corner of the floodlit arena. Logically he should be a soldier. His boyhood was divided between five schools, while his father travelled over France; then he secured entry into the Polytechnic of Paris, passed the examination. Suddenly he chose not to become a sapper or gunner, went to the School of Political Science, and entering into the diplomatic service, spent three years in Peking.

Then, three years in Washington as Third Secretary

under the celebrated poet and Ambassador, Monsieur Paul Claudel, the father of Mlle Reine, now Mme Paris. At the Holy See Legation the young Paris watched the ceremonies at the funeral of Pope Pius XI, the enthronement of Pope Pius XII, and later, the tragic

departure of the Allied missions from the boastful capital of Mussolini's empire.

Paris returned to Bordeaux on that grim June 17, when Petain invited Hitler to grant an armistice. He worked to secure navicerts in the United States for France's prisoners of war, and told an influential friend of the Allies that he wished to join de Gaulle. In Lisbon he waited for Mme Paris, and with British aid flew secretly to London on November 21, 1941. He worked for the France that lost a battle but not the war.

Paris is tall, jet-black-haired, plays with his four children, has few hobbies, walks. His directness of manner is intriguing; British friends like his Yorkshire-pudding plainness of speech. He is of the new French school. Welcome.

ENVOY Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in London of King Abdullah ibn Hussein, G.C.M.G., ruler of the latest independent kingdom in the world, His Excellency Monsieur Abdul Majid Haidar took his seat a few days ago at the Palestine Conference in London. He spoke for Transjordan, whose 400,000 people are neighbours of Palestine, Syria, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia, occupy an area the size of Scotland and look far beyond. Moreover, Transjordan is crossed at Deraa to Kalaat el Mudowwra by the renowned Hejaz Railway.

Son of the Emir of Mecca, during the first World War the new envoy studied law and literature in his native Istanbul. In London he will not find time, yet, for his favourite hobbies, shooting, riding, golf, tennis; perhaps there will be a moment for the violin, for visits to our "fascinating galleries." But among the "cordial, delightful friends, the British" there is the joy of work. Where indeed is there a friendlier capital for the Arabs?



Mme Jacques-Camille Paris, wife of the French Minister in London

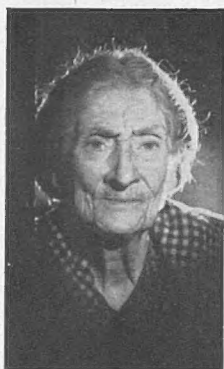
George Bilainkin.



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## Conduct and Circumstance



Kitty Kirwin, famous Irish character actress, who is seventy-three years old, plays Granny in the film "Odd Man Out," which stars James Mason and Robert Newton

"**D**RAMA," said Stevenson, "is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance." I thought of this the other day when in the course of five hours I sat through two magnificent and wholly dissimilar pictures. These were *Boomerang* (Tivoli) and *Cloak and Dagger* (Warner). Both pictures have received immense praise, and rightly. Now it is incontestable that the first has to do with conduct and the second with circumstance. From

which point R.L.S. goes on to say something about the difference between conduct and circumstance which is extraordinarily close to the difference, as I see it, between theatre and film. This is the passage:

"Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply non-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales."

**BOOMERANG** presents an entirely moral problem, and with almost no ingenuity at all could be turned into a play. The scene is in Connecticut and the time is the eve of one of those elections which America insists on

having for no, to a European, discoverable purpose. (Who in these jamborees is being elected to fill what office I have never been able to find out.) Anyhow it is necessary for the party in power to stay in power, and there is a nasty stink in the city in connection with the undiscovered murderer of an entirely blameless and decent old priest.

Now it seems that if the party in power doesn't arrest somebody an impression of slackness will get abroad, which means that the party will lose the election. Wherefore the police have orders to get busy and arrest somebody even if it means going as far as Ohio to fetch him. So somebody is arrested, and the State's Attorney is told he must press the charge. But the State's Attorney begins to have his doubts, and in a very brilliant court scene proves that there are holes in the evidence given by the seven witnesses to the crime, each of whom is willing to identify the prisoner and swear his life away.

The last bit of demolition is a beautiful piece of work. The medical evidence testifies that to have fired the shot the gun must have been held at a certain angle. The State's Attorney produces the prisoner's gun, with which the crime was alleged to have been committed, loads it and orders a court official to aim it at the indicated angle at his, the State's Attorney's head and fire it. This is done—nothing happens—from which it follows that some other gun must have been used. The prisoner is acquitted.

**T**HE point of the film is not the crime drama but the state of mind of the lawyer who must put his conviction of the prisoner's innocence before political considerations. Sitting at it, you feel almost as if you were in a theatre watching Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*. It might easily, as I think, make a play, since the camera has virtually no part in it with the exception of half a dozen uncannily clever shots which tell the spectator who the real murderer was though the film leaves the matter unsolved. No love interest that matters, an almost complete absence of music, and a fine piece of straightforward playing by Dana Andrews.

Whereas *Boomerang* could easily go into the framework of a theatre, *Cloak and Dagger* could not be so compressed. It has nothing to do with conduct. It has everything to do with the awful jams people concerned in under-

ground movements get into and how they get out of them. Here are Stevenson's "problems of the body and of the practical intelligence in clean, open-air adventure and the shock of arms." I do not claim to have understood very clearly what this film was all about, and perhaps this is the place to confess that I have never been able to make head or tail of any films having to do with resistance movements anywhere.

The central point seemed to be this: The Nazis had got hold of the daughter of a Hungarian scientist engaged upon the atom bomb problem. If he will put his science at their disposal then no harm will come to the girl; if not, there is no hope for her. Now in the theatre, to hark back once more to R.L.S., there could be matter here for a play of human conscience. Which should a nice-minded girl choose—the brothel or the gas-chamber? But *Cloak and Dagger* has no use for these "passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience"; its point is whether strong-armed Gary Cooper can get both the scientist and his daughter out of the Nazi clutches.

**T**HIS, of course, is a story as old as the first World War. I have never understood it, and what part I have understood I have never quite believed. But that doesn't matter. The point is the immense amount of excitement Fritz Lang manages to get into his direction. I believe the excitement would still be there if you showed the picture in reverse. For me the most thrilling moment was when the Professor's newly-strangled bodyguard was made to sit up and look more alive than anybody else in the picture. Both Gary Cooper and Lilli Palmer seemed to me to act very well. But I confess I should dearly like to see a picture in which an American, going to the help of the Italian underground movement, heartily loathes the organ-grinder's daughter he is told off to conspire with. I certainly don't believe that Italian young women leading movements of this kind can go careering over the floors of magnificent apartments with gramophones playing "Tales from the Vienna Woods" under the very noses of the German army.

Reality came into the piece with the playing of Vladimir Sokoloff as the Hungarian professor. And why shouldn't it? We don't expect Hungarians to play baseball. Why should we expect Hollywood film stars to act?

## ANDREA MONGELLI

Andrea Mongelli, seen here as the richly grotesque Basilio in the Cambridge Theatre production of *The Barber of Seville*, is that rarity in the operatic world, a singer whose acting is of the same high calibre as his voice. Mongelli, a *basso profondo* of distinction from the Scala, Milan, is on his first visit here. Basilio, which he has sung over six hundred and fifty times, is one of his major character successes. Although the opera is sung in Italian, four of the six principals are Scottish. This impression of Andrea Mongelli has been specially drawn for the "Tatler" by Phillip Youngman Carter







# SHOW GUIDE

## Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Comedy by S. N. Behrman from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire.

**The Man From The Ministry** (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**Message For Margaret** (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

**Caste** (Duke of York's). T. W. Robertson's comedy-drama, originally presented in 1867, with Marie Lohr, Diana Churchill, Morland Graham. A delightful old-world play.

**Fools Rush In** (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this new American comedy.

**The Gleam** (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

**Caviar To The General** (New Lindsey). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

**Antony and Cleopatra** (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

**Lady Frederick** (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

**But For The Grace Of God** (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

## With Music

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**Pacific, 1860** (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

**Perchance To Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Barry Sinclair and Roma Beaumont.

**Under The Counter** (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

**Between Ourselves** (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

**Piccadilly Hayride** (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.

**The Shephard Show** (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

## Children's Shows

**Red Riding Hood** (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

**Mother Goose** (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

**The Wizard Of Oz** (Saville). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Raymond Lovell.



*Higher Education* as purveyed by the virtuous journalist (William Kemp) lures the siren (Yolande Donlan) from the influence of the shady lawyer (Stanley Maxted)

# At the

## "Born Yesterday"

**M**R. LAURENCE OLIVIER has brought this piece from New York and himself directed it with a due sense of the speed natural to such wise-cracking flimsies. He has not, I guess, added to the rapidly lengthening list of American wows that flop here; there is some perilous wobbling in the last five minutes, but the final curtain finds the joke just about on its feet.

The comedy of a business racketeer's dumb blonde who comes by education with surprising results has been pretty obviously inspired by Damon Runyon's stories, but it has also a certain resemblance to the early novels of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, inasmuch as it is very funny and, when you come to think of it, very sad.

**I**N the first act (much the best of the three) Billie Dawn, the blonde, is strictly functional. She knows to a hairsbreadth what a big shot's "broad" is expected to be and she knows how to look like one. As illiterate as her boss, she has not his fine sense of worldly matters, and installed in the most luxurious suite in the most luxurious hotel in Washington, D.C., she considers it would be going altogether beyond her function to cosy along the wife of the Senator her boss intends to corrupt. To her the woman is a "drip." She tells her so, and it is not good for business.

The big shot is equal to the emergency. What is money for if not to oil the wheels of commerce? There is a journalist hanging about the place, and he gets the job of grooming Billie for the company of corrupt Senators' wives. She likes the look of the prospective tutor, she likes the look of him quite a lot; and what is wrong with a little education by the way?

**U**NLUKILY for the racketeer—unluckily, as I think, for the play—the tutor he has picked up turns out to be an idealistic journalist, a high-souled prig, who would have made Ibsen snap like a shark. He not only teaches Billie the meaning of difficult words like "vice-versa"; he teaches her also that there is no place in a true democracy for racketeers, or even for dumb blondes.

Billie takes to spectacles and to spelling her way through the works of Tom Paine, and of other pundits who have spoken out loud about



*Complete Camouflage* of a woolly mind by a polished exterior is achieved by Yolande Donlan as Billie Dawn, the racketeer's decoy duck



# BACKSTAGE



**Heated Argument between the Senator (Launce Maraschal) and the racketeer (Hartley Power) runs cooler when lubricated assiduously by Eddie Brock (Michael Balfour)**

## Theatre

(Garrick)

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt

the Rights of Man. "Man!—that means Woman, too?" says the apt little pupil, peeping brightly over her spectacles at the tutor she is learning with each lesson to love more and more.

It is hard on the racketeer. He knows the boss technique from end to end, but boss words issuing from the lips of an accusing blonde tend to get him down. He is a game rogue, and he fights back, but he is hamstrung by the circumstance that the once dumb blonde has signed so many of his papers for purposes of tax evasion that now in the eyes of the law she owns a good half of his fortune.

THAT is the comedy's central situation. The author, Mr. Garson Kanin, does not so much exploit it as allow it to spread. He lets the now articulate and moral blonde remain moral and become histrionic. The story peters out in a dribble of her fine sayings about the duty of every citizen to play his or her part in a nation-wide campaign against racketeering. Her right-minded remarks very amusingly get the racketeer's goat; but some of them, we feel, are spoken over his head at us, as though we were a public meeting. In fact, Mr. Kanin has difficulty in preventing his underlying comic idea from becoming a moral idea.

English writers of comedy seem always beset by the temptation to let sentiment creep into what should be kept purely comic; and moral uplift is apparently the American form of sentimentality. For comic purposes the racketeer should surely have got the better of his blonde and even have won her back from the priggish tutor; but then the author not only wanted to make us laugh. He wanted also to improve our minds.

BESIDES he could reasonably maintain that there are more wisecracks than fine sayings. There are, and Mr. Hartley Power, as the amiably tough racketeer, and Miss Yolande Donlan, as the mutable blonde, handle them beautifully. Mr. Paul Verrall skilfully mitigates what is unsympathetic in the personality of the high-souled journalist, and Mr. Stanley Maxted contributes a neat sketch of the good man gone astray. There is also a perfect little performance by Mr. Michael Balfour in the almost silent part of a "helper and server," whose business it is to thrust a drink into his master's hand at every sign of crisis.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



**Rugged and Ruthless Harry Brock (Hartley Power) realizes that beauty without brains can be a serious setback in the attempt on the Senatorial principles**

AFTER having appeared in *Here Come the Boys* for a year, Jack Hulbert proposes to give acting a rest for some time. But that doesn't mean that he will be idle. "I am going to produce several plays, straight and musical," he told me, "and then at the end of the year I am going to make a film. After that I may appear in another musical play, but you know I am very fond of producing and it isn't so easy to find the kind of show in which I like to appear. It requires a lot of planning."

Meanwhile at the Saville *Under the Counter* runs on with unchecked success, so that it will be a long time before Cicely Courtneidge is likely to partner her husband again.

EARLY in April Richard Tauber, now engaged on an extensive concert tour in the States, will be flying home as he is to conduct the orchestra when Bernard Delfont presents the Zeller operetta, *Der Vögelhändler*, the new adaptation of which has been given the tentative title of *Wings of Song*.

As I mentioned recently, Irene Ambrus who, with Tauber, was so much responsible for the success of *Gay Rosalinda*, will be seen in a soubrette part with tenor James Etherington as the hero. It will be a picturesque production with court and Tyrolean settings in the early days of Franz Josef's reign. Joseph Carl is designing the scenery.

IT was Henry Sherek's idea to bring back Roland ("Topper") Young to his native England in order to star with Dame Lilian Braithwaite in *Truant in Park Lane*, the James Parish comedy which opened this week in Glasgow before coming to the West End after a brief tour.

Though he had appeared with Arthur Bouchier and had had several years experience, Young was a practically unknown actor when he went to America in 1912, and after many stage successes as the typical Englishman, he began his Hollywood career in 1929. He has visited England since then for filming, but hasn't been seen on the London stage.

In *Truant in Park Lane*, in which Dame Lilian will be seen as an impoverished aristocrat, he will have a surprising "supernatural" role, and the cast will also include Cecily Byrne, Gladys Henson, Peter Coke and Faith Brook.

AT the moment the Shakespeare Festival company is rehearsing in London, but on February 16 it goes to Stratford-on-Avon to continue in the more convenient surroundings of the theatre. Five plays are in rehearsal—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Doctor Faustus*, *Measure for Measure*, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Twelfth Night*. As soon as the last named has had its first performance work will start on *The Tempest*; and so it goes on until nine plays have been staged. It means six months' hard labour for all concerned.

All the scenery is being made in the theatre workshops and the wardrobe is a hive of activity. One department of the theatre is an information bureau which has to answer hundreds of letters with every kind of query. A Canadian university wants to find the traditional tune for "Come away death"—there isn't one; somebody in Mexico wants full information about the theatre; another correspondent suggests that it is unwise to supply dinners at the theatre as they produce somnolence or indigestion at the play!

LADY Windermere's *Fan* ends its eighteen months' run at the Haymarket on Saturday, and two weeks later embarks on a long provincial tour.

It will be followed on February 12 by the Company of Four production of Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, with Eileen Herlie in the role which made the critics sit up and take notice of a new star when the play was first done at the Lyric, Hammersmith, last September.

WITH two West End successes—*The Glean* and *The Guinea Pig*—still going strong, Warren Chetham Strode has been enjoying a ski-holiday in Switzerland. He told me before he went, that at Murren he hoped to make a start on a new play.

Beaumont Newhall



## Self-Profile

## Mamie Suenson-Taylor

by

Mamie Suenson-Taylor

I AM a Dane by birth. My father was descended from a very old naval family. One, Captain Suenson, fought against Nelson in the West Indies, another, Admiral Edouard Suenson, led the Danish Fleet against the German Fleet and won the famous victory at Heligoland in 1864. My father's family helped to found the Great Northern Telegraph Company which has a world-wide organization.

My mother was Swedish. Her father founded on his Klippan estate one of the best known Swedish paper factories. He also visited America and established the manufacture in Havana of Bock cigars. My grandparents, whom I visited often as a child, had a lovely country home and I always remember the horses and carriages with their gorgeous harness.

As a girl I lived with my parents and sisters in Denmark. The schools and colleges of Denmark have a great reputation. Their standards, for more than a hundred years, have been as high as anywhere in the world and already in those days the education of a girl was considered as important as that of a boy. My favourite subjects were history and philosophy, the study of which has continued to interest me all my life. After leaving school, I travelled a good deal with my mother. I went mountaineering in Switzerland and to Norway for winter sports before skiing became a popular sport in Switzerland.

In the early part of 1914 I was in Italy studying the paintings of the great Italian collections and the art of the Renaissance. I was specially interested in the history and achievements of the Medicis.

Before Italy became a regimented country under Fascist influence it was a source of inspiration to all who loved beauty and appreciated the expression in art of the aspirations of human thoughts and longings.

IN the hot summer of 1914 my mother and I went up to Chamonix, where I was looking forward to climbing Mont Blanc, when we were overtaken by the outbreak of war. In those days when a European war was almost unthinkable, this event created consternation and confusion among a generation who had only known the security of mutual confidence, unfettered travel without passports and stable currencies freely convertible. For a time all banks were closed and no money could be obtained or changed. We had the greatest difficulty in getting home to Denmark. We went to Lausanne and waited until an uncle who was Ambassador in Rome arranged Legation passports which enabled us to reach home after a long and tedious eight days' journey through Germany. During the years 1914 to 1918 Denmark's sympathy was all directed towards England. Denmark had been the first country to suffer, in spite of the Danish naval victory in 1864 at Heligoland, from the expansionist policy of Germany. In 1919 I was visiting Italy again and it was in Rome that I met my husband who was there recuperating after the strenuous war years, during which he had served in Gallipoli and France. We became engaged on the Riviera in 1920 and I came to London to be married, after stopping in Paris for some weeks to make purchases for my trousseau.

For some years we lived in Hampstead where our two young children enjoyed the healthy air of Hampstead Heath. In 1937 we moved to our present home in Princes Gate where my husband and I stayed throughout the war, sharing the common experience of Londoners putting out incendiary bombs and taking shelter in the basement from high explosives and flying glass.

I HAVE two children—a son and a daughter. My son Kenneth went to Westminster School and was on the classical side until he had taken the Schools Certificate. During his last two years at school he studied languages. From Westminster he went up to Cambridge where he was overtaken by the war in the middle of his studies in law, just as his father had been before him in 1914. After passing out of the O.C.T.U. he was posted to the 11th Armoured Division with which he served in the fighting through Normandy to Antwerp, then across the Rhine to the borders of Denmark beyond Hamburg. After the German collapse he was recalled as a scholar to the university to complete his studies in law. He has recently been awarded a Harmsworth Scholarship at the Middle Temple and been called to the Bar. He is shortly to marry Miss Betty Moores, a friend of his sister's and a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, whom he met on his return to Cambridge from the Forces.

My daughter Monica went to Queen's College until it was dispersed at the beginning of the war. She spent most of the war years at Mrs. Robley Brown's school, Hampden House, Great Missenden and at Oxford. In 1944 she went up to Newnham College, Cambridge and is now studying psychology. After taking her degree at Cambridge

she hopes to take a course at the University of Geneva.

I have never suffered from lack of interests. I find that everything into which one puts heart and energy is full of interest. Husband and children are a special interest; then there is all that goes with home and when war landed me with a duster in one hand and a pan in the other, I became quite good friends even with them.

I HAVE been fond of riding, dancing and skating, but interest in life is stimulated by philosophy and it is political philosophy that has most intrigued me. I have Liberal traditions in my veins. One of my forefathers, L. N. Hvidt, was a Minister in the first Liberal Government in Denmark in 1842. My husband is a Liberal and is Vice-President of the London Liberal Party. I have helped and spoken with him in the elections he fought as Liberal in the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent in 1922 and 1929. I still have Liberalism at heart.

Liberalism is concerned not only with the material outlook, but seeks to open up to the widest enjoyment all that makes life worth living. Liberalism resists pressure against the free human spirit and looks upon the gifts of life bestowed by God upon mankind and the results of human enterprise and endeavour as the heritage to be enjoyed by all who can recognize their value. Unlike other parties with their static dogmas, it is the really progressive force seeking to interpret and apply evolutionary ideas of freedom in current affairs to meet the demands of the day.



Mr. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor, who has just become a barrister



Miss Monica Suenson-Taylor, on holiday at St. Moritz





Lady Suenson-Taylor, the Danish-born wife of Sir Alfred Suenson-Taylor. She is one of our leading Liberal hostesses at her home in Prince's Gate

*Bertram Park*



# LADY SELSDON'S

Reception Held at



The bride and bridegroom after the wedding, which took place at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. D. Greenish and the late Mr. F. J. Greenish, of Grantham, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. W. Ker, of Frinton and London



Miss Bobbie Greenish, the bride's sister and bridesmaid, and the best man, Cdr. Pat Beresford



Count and Countess Czernin, whose small daughter was one of the attendants, at the reception



Mr. John Howell-Hughes, Miss Annette Birtwistle, Mr. R. Clifford Wing and Lady Iona Abney-Hastings



Marion de Troy, the artist, with Lady Selsdon. The reception was held at the late Rex Whistler's house in Cheyne Walk



The three small attendants, Virginia Tyler, the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson, and Caroline, daughter of Count and Countess Czernin



# SISTER MARRIED

Cheyne Row, Chelsea



Lord Selsdon, the bride's brother-in-law, who gave her away, with her mother, Mrs. Greenish



The Countess of Warwick with Mr. Alex Ripamonti and Sir Alexander Maxwell



Mrs. Ker adjusting the wreath of camellias which formed part of her original head-dress, before receiving her guests



Dancing in progress at the Club, which is in Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

## Dance at the Ladies' Carlton Club

In Aid of the Political Fighting Fund



Lord Dunboyne and Miss Georgiana Newall, daughter of Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall



Mr. Charles Farrell and Miss Diana Lambert Ward at supper between dances



F/Lieut. Owen Barton, Miss West Russell (Dance Committee chairman), Mr. David West Russell, Mr. Anthony Eastman, Miss Estelle Johnson and Miss Daphne Hill



Miss Backwell, Secretary of the Ladies' Carlton Club, Mr. Michael Hugill and Miss Ann Morley at a table for three





Miss Bridget Watney who is working with U.N.O. in Switzerland. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. A. Watney and the granddaughter of Sir George Bonner, former Senior Master of the Supreme Court



Madame Ricardo J. Siri is the wife of the Chargé d'Affaires at the Argentine Embassy. They have been married two years and have a little son who was born in this country



Miss Jean Graham-Scott daughter of Mrs. Gerald Gifford and grand-daughter of the late Hon. Sir Frederick and Lady Gordon, of Nairn, Scotland

Jennifer writes

## HER SOCIAL

THE spacious Royal box at Drury Lane, the general setting of the Theatre Royal, with the "King's Company of Comedians" (as any players appearing at the theatre are still entitled to be called) and a smart and distinguished audience, made a fitting and proper background for Their

### THE KING AND QUEEN AT DRURY LANE

Majesties' last public appearance in London before their departure for South Africa. Only one regret marred the evening: the last-minute absence of Princess Elizabeth, keenest playgoer of the Royal Family, who was confined to her bed at Buckingham Palace with a slight chill and was unable to see this performance of *Pacific 1860*.

Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma received the Royal visitors as President of the King George's Fund for Sailors, in aid of which the performance was given. This fund distributed £360,510 last year, and needs an income of £250,000 to meet the calls of sailors and their families.

Like the King, Lord Louis was in naval uniform. He and Lady Mountbatten, the latter in an evening dress of ice-blue, sat with Their Majesties and Princess Margaret in their box, while Lord and Lady Brabourne, still looking

### THE ROYAL PARTY

very tanned from their visit to Switzerland, sat in the adjoining box on their right with Lady Hambleden and Captain Sir Harold Campbell, who were in attendance. Lord Milford Haven, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, and Rear-Admiral C. S. Holland, chairman of the Fund, and Mrs. Holland, occupied another box.

The Queen wore a white satin evening gown, with white fox furs, and a diamond bandeau. Princess Margaret, too, had on a wrap of white fox, and there was a charming little example of Royal etiquette at the end of the evening when, as she followed the King and Queen out of the box, she left the wrap on her chair and, remembering it, turned to go back. At once, Lady Mountbatten, observant and attentive, secured the wrap and handed it to the young Princess.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, who had been active as president of the Organising Committee, sat in front of the stalls circle, and bought their programme from their daughter Felicity, who was one of the group of attractive young girls selling programmes.

There was—doubtless in compliment to Lord Louis—a great proportion of admirals, captains and other distinguished naval officers among the audience, who included Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, the Dowager Countess of Jellicoe, Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham, Lady Chatfield, Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Prince Vsevolode and his wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlosky, in silver lamé, and Group Captain Sir Louis and Lady Greig.

Mr. Noel Coward, author of *Pacific 1860*, was presented in the interval by Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten, and in turn, presented the three leading members of the cast, Mr. Graham Payne, who talked enthusiastically with Their Majesties about South Africa, for he is a native of Pietermaritzburg; Miss Mary Martin and Miss Sylvia Cecil.

THE Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi gave a reception recently in honour of the brilliant Chilean pianist, Claudio Arrau, who that afternoon had delighted a large audience at Covent Garden by his playing. In spite of his long programme with many encores in the

afternoon, Claudio Arrau played again in the evening, this time selections of Chopin's works, which he played superbly with more poetic feeling than I have ever heard come from a piano.

### RECEPTION FOR CHILEAN PIANIST

The guests at this Sunday evening party were thrilled to hear this fine pianist, who was only in this country for a few days. They included H.E. the Belgian Ambassador and Mme. Thieusies, Lilius Lady Rennel of Rodd, Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, H.E. the Venezuelan Ambassador, H.E. the Italian Ambassador, H.E. the Uruguayan Ambassador and Mme. MacEachen, H.E. the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Berckemeyer. Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan were sitting near Miss Georgette Hart, Mme. Bianchi's pretty sister, and others I noticed listening intently were Lord and Lady Dormer, the latter in black with diamond stud ear-rings; Prince and Princess Galitzine, fair-haired Mrs. Henry Tiarks, looking very pretty, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Gloria de Hart, Viscountess Elibank, and Sir George and Lady Franckenstein.

After the music there was a buffet supper with some delicious Chilean specialities.

THE Chilean Ambassador, who is such a charming and thoughtful host, introduced Claudio Arrau to many of the guests, and so did Mme. Bianchi, who is a delightful hostess and one of the loveliest wives in the Diplomatic Corps. This evening she looked beautiful in a

### BEAUTIFUL DIPLOMATIC HOSTESS

striped faille dress with an overskirt of black net, her hair worn brushed up and crowned with the fashionable plait. Also at the party were Sir Ronald and Lady Cross chatting to Mr. Simon Elwes, who said he was 80 per cent. fit again from the serious illness he had last year, and painting again, which I am certain he is doing 100 per cent. as brilliantly as ever. Mr. Victor Perowne was there with his wife and talking to Sir John Monck. Miss Rachel Parsons, who has recently moved to the Duchess of Kent's old home in Belgrave Square, told me she has now settled in. Baroness Ravensdale, who has just returned from a visit to America, was the centre of a group of interested friends listening to her news.

JULY in January described the weather for the wedding of Sir Charles Russell to Sir John Prestige's daughter Rosemary, in the Catholic church of St. Thomas, Canterbury, with the reception at Bourne Park, the lovely Kentish home of Sir John and Lady Prestige. Over 300

### RUSSELL-PRESTIGE WEDDING

guests (many had come by train from London) were there to wish the young couple every happiness. The bride looked charming in a dress of parchment velvet with a tulle veil held in place by a Russian head-dress, and carried a bouquet of scarlet roses. Her two bridesmaids, dressed in long scarlet frocks with head-dresses to match, were her cousins, Miss Helen Wigmore and Miss Ramona Stracey.

Sir John and Lady Prestige received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Faviell, and his stepfather, Brig. Faviell. Mr. Walter Whigham, who has known the young couple since they were children, proposed their health. The house was beautifully decorated with daffodils and other spring flowers. The guests I met in the fine panelled rooms included the bridegroom's aunt, Lady Mathew, with



# JOURNAL

Sir Theobald Mathew, and Earl and Countess Sondes. Mrs. Noel Pace was there with her husband, who shared the duties of ushering with the bride's brother, Mr. John Prestige; Mr. Francis Whigham, Mr. Cyril Russell and Sir Robert Muir Mackenzie, whose fiancée, Mrs. Glencairn Campbell, was also there.

Others I saw were Lord and Lady Harris, Mrs. Walter Whigham, Major Holberton and his wife, Viscount and Viscountess Hawarden, Mr. John Campbell, Miss Rosie Talbot, and Prince Bhawani Singh and Prince Jai Singh of Jaipur, who came with Mrs. Rudolph de Salis—they had just returned from Switzerland and are now back at school at Harrow—and the Hon. Mrs. Sackville Tufton and her daughter Diana.

The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon in Portugal, where they went by air.

AMONG the travellers who came by the Blue Train to Monte Carlo recently were the Hon. Gwilym and Mrs. Lloyd George and their nineteen-year-old son, William. On their way they managed to leave their luggage in Paris and were left with only hand luggage for three days.

## VISITORS TO MONTE CARLO

Poor Mrs. Lloyd George was left with no shoes, only her fur-lined boots, which she had to wear in the evenings as well as by day. Viscount and Viscountess Errington travelled down straight through from London and were staying with her father, Viscount Rothermere, at his villa in the Principality. The Earl and Countess of Dudley were staying at the Hotel de Paris. King Peter of Yugoslavia and his Queen, who are living in the Villa Beatrice, an annexe of the Hotel Metropole, were often to be seen about, Queen Alexandra hatless, as she always was when she walked about London.

ONE of the best-dressed women seen at the galas at Monte Carlo was Mme. de Calderas, an attractive, dark-haired Frenchwoman, and another guest looking very elegant was Mrs. Paul Noghes, the British-born wife of Mr. Paul Noghes, a member of the Monegasque Government. The Countess of Dudley wore a very striking black velvet frock with a deep flounce of ostrich feathers, and Viscountess Errington looked very pretty in a frock of lavender crepe. The wearer of the finest jewels was Mrs. Hudson, the French-born widow of Mr. Robert Hudson, who was wearing a magnificent set of emeralds.

## SOME OF THE EVENING CLOTHES

THE Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee attended the première of the film *Hungry Hill*, at the Gaumont, which has been adapted from Daphne du Maurier's famous novel. Several of his colleagues came to the opening, too. The Lord Chancellor was there with Viscountess Jowitt, and the new Minister of Defence was present with Mrs. A. V. Alexander. Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, brought his wife, who is an invalid.

Others in the audience were Mme. Berckemeyer, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador; Lady Munro, who was down from her home in Angus for a short visit; Sir William Haley, the Countess of Jersey, Count Carandini, and H.H. the Kabaka of Buganda, who was accompanied by Mr. Scott.



Major E. D. Metcalfe, formerly Equerry to the Duke of Windsor, and Mrs. Violet Kingscote



Miss J. Bengough, Miss McBean and Miss Kekecich were three racegoers who saw Sammy's Rock win the Dursley Hurdle



Mr. W. J. Carless and Mrs. Barbara Wright. The meeting was the third of the season



Mr. G. E. Gilmour White and Miss Gilmour White take advantage of an interval to rest



Mrs. G. M. Crossman, Miss Jean Campbell and Miss Ann Campbell



Mrs. Donn-Bryne, Miss Graham Clark and Mrs. Rudman

## The Third Cheltenham Meeting





*On the Suvretta House Ice-Rink*

## A DAY AT ST. MORITZ

These "Tatler" pictures of Miss June Verdon-Roe give a clear idea of the pleasures to be found in the famous winter-sports centre



*Breakfast in bed at her hotel. No refinements of living are spared to enchant the holidaymaker with the Swiss scene*



*Shampoo and manicure in a St. Moritz hairdresser's. Miss Verdon-Roe was a nurse during the war*



*Choice of perfumes is wide, though currency regulations are strict*



*No austerity taste about the cakes in this restaurant, known to numberless winter-sports visitors*



*"Swinging the prop" of an instructional 'plane on the Samadan airfield. There is now a direct London service*





Lady Brocklehurst, wife of Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Bt., and her elder daughter, Mrs. Stranack, on holiday at Murren



At Wengen: Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, whose son, Capt. C. Soames, is to marry Miss Mary Churchill



Mrs. Stethem, who is the wife of Lt.-Col. ("Buster") Stethem, at Wengen. They have recently returned from Cairo



Mary Milner  
Mr. Milo Cripps (right), son of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Cripps and nephew of Lord Parmoor, with a friend at Gstaad



Lady Jean Rankin with her two sons, Ian and Alick, at St. Moritz. She is a daughter of the Earl of Stair and wife of Col. A. N. T. Rankin



M. Nicolas Zographos and H.R.H. Princess Aspasia of Greece, mother of the ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, at Corviglia



Mrs. Van Goeschen, Lady Duke-Elder, Mrs. Edward Wagg, Miss Bruce Porter and Mr. P. Richardson at Suvretta House

## The Lure of the White Slopes



R. M. Schloss  
Miss Babs Power-Smith, one of four sisters at St. Moritz, embodies the gaiety of winter sports in a setting of snow, sun and Alpine woods





## Priscilla in Paris

### An Election Without Frills

"SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!" France has a figurehead once more! What a day. Up with the dawn. Miss Chrysler 1926—having enjoyed her first wash this year, in honour of the occasion—roared awake at the first tickle of the starter. A rosy flush was in the sky. "Rain or wind" said the shepherd's warning and, for once, the warning was wrong; we had President's weather.

The roads to Versailles were crowded, and near the town the traffic formed into a double and often triple tail-light-to-mascot procession. Slow, slower, slowest. Hard luck and anathema on the bad drivers who stalled their engines, and harder luck on the juice. But who cares about the juice now that the monthly allocation—for those that have it—will cost only 19 francs the litre instead of 20, and that the free, official (B.M., really) price—for those who can afford it—is 49! (Dear, M. Blum; we like to think that he is personally responsible for this).

I may as well confess that I had no official card of entry to the election, but I managed quite well without it. Every time an agent got nosy I handed him the life membership card that proclaims me patroness of the police orphanage, and it worked like magic. Half-way up the *côte de Picardie* one fellow, wearing rather more silver braid than the others, showed signs of making trouble. I had a Ministerial Packard on one side and a G.B. Hillman on the other, while a 5-h.p. Citroën was hooked on to my back fender. A cute way of saving petrol, and I mentally removed the hat I wasn't wearing to its driver. I suggested to M. Silver Braid that if he could clear the road and give me space to turn, I would be only too pleased to return the way I had come. It worked again and I sailed on.

Not that there was much to see. No fun or fancy work. Everything went without a hitch, and I regretted the gay election of 1906, when an uncle in office enabled me—with bows in my hair and bells on—to lunch with my mother at the famous Hôtel des Réservoirs, where all the Personages then used to lunch; their spouses and relatives at the tables near the wall, their more decorative Egeriæ at the tables by the sunny windows. That was the year when M. Fallières (ticketed by Mr. Snowden

as "grotesque and ridiculous," to the great joy of the French lampoon writers, who retaliated by calling Mr. Snowden "*le sinistré du Yorkshire*") lost his collar stud. In those days gentlemen wore stiff shirts with detachable collars on ceremonial occasions. In the excitement of hearing the news of his election, M. Fallières heaved a vast sigh of relief and, ping! off rocketed the stud . . . never to be found again.

Could one imagine a newly-elected President, tall hat in hand, bowing to the cheering multitude during his drive back to Paris, his collar riding up round his ears at every bow? One could not. An unfortunate senator sacrificed his own comfort . . . and stud. Sartorial honour was saved. Alas, the gorgeous *déjeuners* at the Réservoirs are no more, and the official menu consisted of sandwiches and fruit.

The new President is popular as a journalist and as a fisherman, and Mme. Vincent Aurioi, now the First Lady of the Land, did grand underground work during the Résistance. Good luck to them (and us) for seven years.

WRITING the word "underground" reminds me of the visit I paid this week to the Galerie Albertine Scarlet, that is to be found not far from the Café des Deux Magots on the boulevard St. Germain. It is there that John Harrison is showing some of his exquisite flower-pieces and the colourful studies he has brought back from Africa where, during the war, he was busy on one of those dangerous hush-hush jobs of which one may not speak even now. It was a cold day, with grey skies and a heavy drizzle. I found the gallery to be one of those enchanting semi-curio, semi-bookshops that are one of the delights of the Left Bank. The exhibition room is under the shop, and one descends to it by way of the narrowest spiral-stairs I have ever met. (It showed me how well I have kept one of my New Year Resolutions; a month ago I could never have squeezed my too, too solid person down its tiny steps.) Never, till then, have I found warmth and sunshine in what once must have been a cellar. A soft, golden glow illuminated the deep cream walls, against which John Harrison's work stands out with such effect that I had the impression that I was looking,

through so many window-frames, at the flora and fauna of Northern Africa. But a Northern Africa interpreted with distinction and poetry.

I cannot imagine with what mysterious alchemy this young Englishman manages to convey, with the lightest possible brush and delicate colours that are almost like pastels, all the heat, the brilliant sunshine and the contrasting depth of shadow that are found in the Algerian countryside. His line work also is remarkable. I thought of Foujita, but I am told I was wrong. I ought to have thought: Matisse! I stand corrected. What wonderful stage scenery he could design. I wish this show had been open when C. B. Cochran was over here.

I WONDER how London will like C. B.'s new leading lad in his forthcoming production of *Bless the Bride*? Such a nice boy is young Georges Guétary and Paris, always a difficult city to conquer for a male star, has taken him to its heart. He is tall without being a giant. Dark, with grey eyes, he carries himself well, and has a really charming voice. He is of Greek origin, but speaks French without the slightest accent, and has a way of speaking and singing in that language that has started the fashion of autograph albums with the Very Young, while hostesses fight for an introduction through anyone influential enough to get him to their parties.

He has done a certain amount of cabaret work, but is not a night-club prowler. Too much of a plodder over his job to have much time or desire to play around. He speaks English fairly well, but as soon as he signed up with Cochran—annulling an engagement at the Ambassadeurs and postponing an important film contract to do so—he packed his little grip with English tuition discs, popped the book that goes with them into his greatcoat pocket and disappeared into the wilds to perfect his knowledge of: "I love you," "Ask a policeman," "Where do we go from here?" and, to the bus conductor: "Drop me off at the Strand!" We are sad to think he is leaving us for so long, but there is consolation in the thought that London theatres close on Sundays, and there are fast planes between Croydon and Le Bourget.

## Voilà!

Eight-year-old Jean-Claude, an attentive pupil when Teacher explains, with simple directness, the mystery of his birth, returns home to write an essay on the subject. First of all, he interviews Mama. "Where were you born, *petite mère*?" he asks. "The stork brought me," answers Mama, who believes in the old-fashioned method of non-education. "And *petit père*?" "Grandmère found him in the cabbage patch!" "What about little sister?" "I discovered her under a rose-tree." Jean-Claude thanks her politely and settles down to work. "Having gone into the matter thoroughly," he writes, "I find that I am the only one in our family to have been born under normal conditions"







*Some of the guests. In front: Messrs. A., H. and M. Walker-Munro, Mr. Heald and Major P. P. Curtis. Behind: Miss Terry Curtis, Miss Juliet Sutton, Mrs. P. Curtis and Mrs. Walker-Munro*



*Capt. N. S. Dane, Miss J. Sopper, Lt. I. G. Raikes, D.S.C., R.N., Miss Primrose Hunt, Miss Priscilla Hunt and Mr. Guy Dodgson*



*Mr. Newton Chance, the novelist, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Day, Mrs. G. Stansfield, Lt.-Col. S. E. Scammell, Mr. Jack Stroud and Miss J. Riddett*



*Col. J. Whitehouse, Mrs. Noel Sutton, Col. and Mrs. Rowell, Mrs. Whitehouse, Mrs. G. Grove and Mr. Noel Sutton*

## A Hunt Ball in the New Forest

Some 350 members and friends attended the New Forest Beagles Hunt Ball held recently at the Morant Hall, Brockenhurst, including members of the New Forest Hunt, who brought parties. Following a most successful night, an After-the-Ball meet was held at Longmans Pond, Fritham, between Brockenhurst and Lyndhurst. The pack was formed in 1929 and the Joint-Masters are Mr. Bryan Day and his relative, Mr. Ernest Day. There are at present fifteen couples of hounds

*Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations*



*Unboxing the hounds at the After-the-Ball meet. Continuous heavy rain made the going very heavy, and only about nine couples of hounds were started*



*Miss Barbara Burt and Mr. Jack Stroud, one of the Whips, discuss the prospects of a draw while Mr. Bryan Day (Joint-Master) looks after the pack*





*Major Harvey gives Caroline, who is three, a pick-a-back*

# PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE QUEEN

Major Harvey with His Family in Surrey

Major Thomas Cockayne Harvey, D.S.O., who was appointed Private Secretary to Her Majesty the Queen last year, will be visiting familiar territory when he accompanies the Royal Family on their forthcoming tour of South Africa. During the war he was in the Scots Guards and fought with the 24th Guards Brigade attached to the South African Armoured Division, and won his D.S.O. during the fighting in Italy, after which he went to the Staff College at Pretoria.

Major Harvey is the son of Col. John Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, of Ringstead, Norfolk, and married Lady Mary Coke, younger daughter of the Earl of Leicester, in 1940. He is a Balliol man, and as an expert golfer—he plays from scratch—he was selected for the Oxford University golf team in 1938 and 1939, and was prospective captain in 1940, a distinction annulled by the war

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*David, now five years old and eldest of the three children, finds a silver birch just made for climbing*





Major and Lady Mary Harvey with their children, David, Caroline and seven-weeks-old Juliet. They are at present living at Bagshot, Surrey



Father and daughter seem to take the tricycle race more seriously than mother and son



Lady Mary Harvey at the window of her Bagshot home. She is moving to London with her children when Major Harvey goes with the Royal Family on their South African tour



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

JUDGING by a thinker of the Highbrow Left recently holding forth on the Future of Diplomacy, ambassadors in the New Utopia aren't going to be able to keep such good chefs as they did. How their Excellencies will exist without their Nesselrode Pudding (the staple diet of ambassadors since 1815, as dew is of fairies), he didn't say.

This rich sweet, one of the principal results of the Congress of Vienna—you remember the Congress? Six-eight time. That leggy blonde, Whatshername, was in it, and nobody ever stopped waltzing—was invented, unless we err, by Talleyrand's sparring-partner, Count Nesselrode, the Russian plenipotentiary, or possibly his chef. If you look up Mrs. Beeton you'll probably find 150 fresh eggs mentioned as a mere preliminary, to be whisked in a crested silver saucepan with half a gallon of thick cream and a quart of Romanée-Conti and thrown away. Why they left this essential dish out of that celebrated film *Congress Dances* we couldn't say. It obviously belonged. E.g.:

NESSERLODE: Such, gentlemen, is the Emperor's final word. No dealings with Bonapartes, and no concessions.

TALLEYRAND: What about a crack at that pudding of yours?

(A suave and non-committal razz from Nesselrode.)

METTERNICH: I bet if I got the boys to fix up a démenti or a pourparler or a ballon d'essai or something we'd have the pants off you, Talley! (Growls of assent.)

CASTLEREAGH: And some of that pudding, one dare hope?

NESS: Nitchevo! Not a blinking spoonful!

(Everybody rises. Bowls are struck. That old fox Talleyrand suddenly raises his hand.)

TALL: Gentlemen! I hear music! 'Tis the band of the Pink Hungarian Hussars! And here comes a swarm of perfectly delightful little actresses! Gentlemen, pray take your places for a waltz!

## Sequel

IN the next sequence Talleyrand's subtle trick with the band has soothed the plenipotentiaries and they are enjoying huge gold platefuls of Nesselrode Pudding and tossing odd bits to eager diplomats. A sequence later—it was a British super-film, unless we err—Castlereagh is debagged during a jolly good "rag" and hides in a grandfather-clock. The Congress of Vienna then dissolves, its goal achieved—and what was that?

## Secret

IF the Reds in Poland don't know how to run a free and unfettered general election in a democratic manner nobody does, but we were

mildly surprised to find one of the Fleet Street boys claiming in this connection that our own ballot is pure, secret, flawless, and exquisite.

Only recently a suspicious citizen was complaining to the papers that last time he voted the presiding clerk jotted down his number on the counterfoil, thereby (he thought) making it easy to check the way he had voted. Actually, a politically-minded chap tells us, this counterfoil-note is a pure formality required for the secret dossiers at Scotland Yard. The cops probably won't do anything about you unless it becomes necessary—for example, if somebody in authority wants you slung in the cooler under a *lettre de cachet* (18B). In that case you will rot in chains without trial, and perish miserably.

The great difference between modern procedure and the Bastille is that you could be very comfortable in the Bastille, as large numbers of chaps have testified. *Tu trembles, Bailly?*

## Dial

A CITIZEN recently in trouble for assaulting a clockmaker should (we thought) have reflected that if clockmakers are sometimes crusty and sour they have a very good reason, namely Prince Rupert.

That fearless cavalryman, charging in his perfumed locks and making love to countless cuties, was in his spare time, as any museum-addict knows, one of the most brilliant clockmakers in chronometric history, constructing masterpieces of complication and precision. The Clockmakers' Company of London don't resent this so much as they resent his looks and charm. A chap who has dined with them in the City tells us that "the Immortal Memory of Prince Rupert" is drunk in gloomy silence with muttered growls of "Fop!" "Popinjay!" "Handsome is as handsome does!" and "A swingeing clockwise curse on all frampold rakes and cuckold-makers!" The Master, glass in hand, can hardly (this chap adds) help sympathising, though the spectacle of all those eyes, dimmed by years of poring into the intimate guts of clocks, but now ablaze with rage and envy, is rather disturbing. At length he may propose a song to cheer the Company. The response is eager.

"Ay, ay! A song against women, Master!"

"Let us scourge these gadabout jillifirts in no uncertain terms!"

"Flopsies! Decoy-ducks! Harpies!"

"Pray, Master, let us have the song made by George Winder against Mrs. Fanny Ogle, the Moll of St. James's!"

At the Master's signal the musicians in the gallery strike up the rousing chorus known as the Clockmakers' Hymn:

Not Tompion, no, nor Rimbault made  
A Clock without some Saucy Jade  
Would pan their homely Faces;  
O, may he rot whom now it irks  
To give the Female Kind the Works  
With Gestures fiercer than the Turk's,  
And hideous Grimaces,  
With a fa, la, la (etc.).

The customary vote of thanks to the Clerk follows. The Loving-Cup is then circulated a second (or third) time, to synchronise the action.

## Ghost

HOW the first grey squirrels got to Hampton Court, circa 1913, is a problem exercising one of the Nature boys. Did they swim across the Thames or trot across the bridges? (As if you cared.) Did they hail a taxi or were they fanned across by three drunk grocers on scooters wearing the gala uniform of the Fifth Preobrajensky Guards?

It is not one of the Hampton Court problems which interests one wildly; unlike the problem



"—But with all the goodwill in the world,  
Mr. Brockley . . ."

of the ghost of Catherine Howard, which is said to fly shrieking down the Haunted Gallery to the door of the Chapel. La Howard of the auburn hair was the Fat Boy's fifth wife, beheaded in 1542. Why does she keep repeating that one single act of terror, when the ghost of (for example) Marie-Antoinette at Versailles never loses its regal poise, though the atmosphere it appears in is more electrical with anguish and dread than that of Hampton Court? The worst of asking such questions is that you always find some smarty piping up and quoting Dunne on Serialism, as if that settled everything. One of the ghosts at Versailles ran after Miss Moberly and Miss Bell in 1901 and politely told them the right way to go. Serialise that off, slickers.

One more mystery about La Howard is that nobody has ever had the decency to stop the poor girl in her panic flight and find out what the trouble is. Terror of impending death? A tiff with the Fat Boy? A mouse in the wainscot?

Possibly it could be discovered and dealt with, either by killing a good psycho-analyst in the Gallery or by a more ancient and humane method of quieting uneasy spirits. (As if you cared.)

## Stoics

TO a publicity-boy wondering gaily what the lamas of Tibet thought of the miracle (sic) of electric light the answer, an Orientalist tells us, is probably "If wrapped in meditation, nothing; if not, very little."

A similar calmness was observed by us long ago in the Spanish Pyrenees, where, as the peasantry had used electric light for some thirty-odd years before it got to our part of Sussex, the excitement was all on our side; especially when we found that by switching on the first-floor light in the House of Calones (which God preserve) at Andorra la Vieja, you simultaneously lit all the lamps in the lane outside, affording a view of the local contrabandistas jingling forth to their nightly labours.

In Tibet electricity doesn't rattle them in any state of mind because they believe electricians (and publicity-boys) to be bound to the Wheel, and doomed to expiate their lusts through countless reincarnations in curious and even revolting shapes. This theory should be easy to explain to members of the Central Electricity Board, the mildest of men. E.g.:

"What did you say my position would probably be, according to Tibetan ideas, a thousand years hence?"

"I should say you'd be a flea in a rat's ear."

"Oh, dear. Why?"

"On account—in Tibetan theory—of your beastly deeds on this earth, including of course the 'grid' system."

"Oh, dear. I can't tell the Chairman that. Oh, dear."

Naturally that bit about the "grid" would be playful. So far from ruining the countryside the "grid" has saved a lot of it, since each pylon takes up the space of a couple of three-ply utility bungalows.



## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

"I CAN'T imagine," said an indignant lady to an alienist, "why my family has insisted upon dragging me to see you. What's wrong with loving pancakes?"

"Why, nothing at all," agreed the alienist, rather surprised. "I'm very fond of pancakes myself."

"Goody, goody," said the lady, "you must come up to my house and let me show you my collection. I've got trunks and trunks full of them."

"NOW, then," snapped the sergeant, "why are you so late, driver? You'll have to do better than this, you know. You've got to get a move on in this job."

"It's this way, sergeant," said the driver. "I picked up a chaplain on the way, and from then on the mule couldn't understand a word I said."

WHILE driving through the famous Shenandoah Valley, a party of motorists stopped at one of the highest spots to enjoy the scenery. They scarcely noticed a roadside fruit stand—they had passed so many—until the twelve-year-old "proprietor" came over to offer them a pair of binoculars. He pointed out the places of interest across the valley, then selected some of his fruit for them. When they asked what they owed, he replied quickly, "Nothing, nothing at all. The fruit is free. I just enjoy showing people the scenery. It's so beautiful—" and he looked across the sunlit valley.

After each of the party had given him a 25 cent. tip, one of them asked: "How can you afford to give away your fruit when the other stands sell theirs?" With a mischievous grin, the lad jingled the coins in a well-filled pocket and said: "I make more money than they do."

"YOU know, old man," said a friend, "you ought to get married."

"Yes," replied the other man. "I have often wished lately that I had a wife. She'd probably have a sewing-machine and the sewing-machine would have an oil-can, and I could take it and oil my office door. It squeaks terribly."

AS the patient sat down in the surgery chair, the doctor said, "Well, now, what's the trouble with you?"

"Oh, doctor," said the patient enthusiastically, "I want to tell you about a dream I've had. I dreamt of gremlins carrying away a beautiful nightingale, and when they heard about it, the other nightingales banded together and formed an army and surrounded the gremlins' hiding-place and rescued the beautiful nightingale."

The doctor smiled. "Oh, well," he said, "if the dream bothers you, I dare say we can get rid of it for you."

"But I don't want to get rid of it," cried the patient in alarm. "I want someone to lend me the fare to Hollywood so that I can sell the idea to Walt Disney."



The Joint-Masters of the V.W.H. talking together are Lt.-Col. C. H. S. Townsend and Lady Apsley, Earl Bathurst's mother



Lady Lawrence and Lord Justice Lawrence, who was made a baron in the New Year Honours, with Capt. A. W. Phipps



Sitting out on the steps between dances were Major Parry and Miss M. Hall



Mr. C. J. Matthew and Miss Jane Townsend. The ball was held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester



The Hon. William Ralph Seymour Bathurst, uncle of Earl Bathurst, and the Hon. Mrs. W. R. S. Bathurst



Miss Davidson with Sir Orme Clarke, Bt., whose home is Bibury Court, Gloucestershire

W. Dennis Moss



"Most of my rich gentlemen have had to sell their horses, sir"

## The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball



# University Sportsmen

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



**Squash:** Alastair Pilkington (Sherborne and Trinity), who was a gunner officer during the war, is a squash rackets and Rugby fives Blue. He is with his wife and three-months-old daughter, Rosalind



**Rugger:** Derek Bridge (Hertford) has just been given his Rugger Blue for Oxford. He was in the R.T.R. during the war. His wife used to play hockey for the Bank of England. Their daughter, Caroline, is five months old



**Rugger:** George Cawkwell (Christ Church), who is a Rhodes Scholar from New Zealand, and has also just received his Rugger Blue, was in the Army. His wife comes from Auckland, N.Z., and they have a seven-weeks-old son, Simon



**Boxing:** Dennis Bale is a lightweight boxing Blue at Cambridge, and is taking a diploma in Education at St. Catharine's. He was in the Army during the war. His wife was formerly Barbara Francis, and they have a three-year-old daughter



**Hockey:** Peter Currie (Cheltenham and Trinity) is captain of the Oxford hockey team, and has been a Blue since last spring. He met his wife while in the Forces, when she was a V.A.D. He is going to take up a teaching career

## Scoreboard



THE world is a humbug — as Mr. Cadbury daringly remarked to Mr. Callard and Mr. Bowser during the Confectioners' annual Blind in the sound-proof Jacobean ball-room of the Bull's-eye factory. To clarify, or further complicate, this philosophical proposition. Take Democracy; you're

taking it already, anyhow. Two hundred years ago Parliament was festooned with country gentlemen from rotten Boroughs who were almost uninterruptedly whistled and who quoted from Horace. To-day it is decorated by urban gentlemen from even rotten Boroughs who are almost compulsorily sober and misquote—why not?—from White papers, Blue papers, and newspapers.

From which the following question arises, like steam from the sub-editors of Hansard: Were English legislators (a) less incompetent; and (b) less unhappy two hundred years ago than they are now? Fill in this Form illegibly and upside-down, then post it to c/o your own Conscience.

I MIGHT, indeed I will, ask the same question I about English cricketers: (a) Less incompetent two hundred years ago than now? I dare not vouchsafe a response—as the senior tenor in the village choir thought to himself when he found he'd left his lower set on the sideboard at home—or I should call down upon the postman, and the Editor, a forty-page biography of Len Hutton from a Disgusted Yorkshireman; a monograph from Ealing proving that W. G. Grace never chiselled the umpires or buttoned his beard inside his cricket shirt; and an anonymous letter from Chile setting out the batting averages of the Santiago Saturdays in green ink to two decimal places. (b) Less unhappy two hundred years ago than now?

Why bother to answer? Laws, as the burglar said to the Judge, are the interpreters of contemporary society. Dating from the climax of Mr. Gladstone, the Laws of Cricket were revised on nineteen occasions. And now they have been got at for the twentieth time. They remain bleak, like Wolverhampton on a wet Sunday.

EXAMINE Law 26: "The Striker is out if, under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the batsmen wilfully prevents a ball from being caught:—'Obstructing the field.'" Compare this with the genial Law prevailing in 1744. Then, as now, England had her critics from over the Tweed and was also taking it in the third button from most of Europe and from a fair slice of the New World. But the cricketers didn't care:—"When ye Ball is hit up, either of ye Strikers may hinder ye catch in his running ground, or if she's hit directly across ye wickets, ye other Player may place his body anywhere within ye swing of his Batt, so as to hinder ye Bowler from catching her, but he must neither strike at her nor touch her with his hands."

Happy days. Cricketers were written off as balmy if they couldn't cheat fair. There were no Test matches then. No one suggested calling in an impartial umpire from Albania; though they might rake a fielder or two out of the bar parlour of the Bat and Ball.

IT was little William Caffyn, whilom hairdresser of Reigate, who went out to Australia and taught them cricket. A hundred years ago he was engaged as professional to a Captain Alexander, in Suffolk. After the day's cricket, "while the gentlemen were at dinner in the evening," he "used to sit in the park and give them a solo on the cornet." He wouldn't get away with that in 1947. He'd receive an admonition from the Joint Executive Secretary of the Amalgamated International Federation of Non-Ligeneous Instrumentalists.

R.C. Roberts Glasgow

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Sabretoche

ONE of our poets, a hardly-used sect ever since the spacious days of Mæcenas and the queasy Postumus, to whom, by the way, the well-known ditty "*Eheu! Fugaces*" was dedicated, has written to the daily Press, not exactly threatening a strike, but at any rate stating emphatically that he and his brother Bards are something well fed up with the rates the B.B.C. pay for their work. I do not know what these rates are, or whether they include holidays with pay, but it is common knowledge that, in spite of the example of Bunthorne, your poet has a very thin time.

Speaking as one of a Philistine Public, who has never been a poet since the painful period when haughty and learned men used to assure him that Iambics were just child's play and the choriambic tetrameter chicken-feed, I am of opinion that this revolting Bard has not rammed his case home half hard enough. He might have done the suffering listener a good turn by objecting to the way in which Poetry is read to him.

It does not seem to matter whether the work is "*'Twas Brillig*," "*Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers*," "*Lars Porsena of Clusium*," "*Hey, Johnnie Cope, Are Ye Waukin' Yet?*", or even "*D'ye Ken John Peel*," the gentlemen detailed by the B.B.C. to declaim seem to be either on the brink of tears or to be suffering from G.P.I. If not for the Bards' sake, at any rate for that of the Barbarian horde, why not try to put a bit of *bonhomie* and kick into it? Could not some limit be set to this outgripping?

## A National Hint from Ireland

A MOST amusing person, whom I first met in the Meath country about eight years ago, and who, I am fully prepared to believe, has forgotten more about how to cross Brian Boru's country than most people ever knew, writes me that we need not be "after" listening to all they say about this new Irish steeplechasing discovery Revelry, now quoted at 20 to 1 for the great race, so long as Halcyon Hours, quoted at 25 to 1, is above ground.

As my friend has seen both of them recently and few of us over here have, I pass on his advice. He says that Halcyon Hours will lose the "discovery" over any distance, and he bases his assurance on the father-and-mother of a drubbing he gave him at Navan some little while ago (7 lbs. and twenty-five lengths). This looks convincing on paper, but a gap like twenty-five lengths usually means that something extraordinary has happened, and unfortunately I did not paste the record of the meeting in my diary, so I do not know. The bookmakers, however, seem to think that Revelry has a five-points better chance than Halcyon Hours, and as they are compelled to have a lot of scouts out and about, we had better note the fact.

My friend, of course, may be more wide-awake than any scout, and as he has no other preoccupation than jumping horses, he might well be right. In case he sees this note, how about Luan Casca, who won the Stanley Steeplechase over Aintree last year, beating Gormans-town at even weights (11 st. 12 lbs.) without flicking a feather off himself? To hark back, Halcyon Hours won the Champion 'Chase at Naas on April 28th last year in bird-liming going with 13 st. on his back. So make what you like of it.

## "Fifty Years of Sport"

THE *Daily Mail* has laid us all under a debt of gratitude by publishing this compendious record, edited by Ernest Bland, of half a century's happenings in almost every department of sport in which the average man is interested. The omissions, though regrettable, are recognised as inevitable in these days of paper shortage, and in any case, their inclusion might have made this 5s. book too bulky. Its aim is to give us

results with such short introductory comment as space permits.

As was inevitable in dealing with such a mass of material, one or two little errors have crept in, but they are readily excusable, for in one case, at any rate, popular belief, amounting almost to certainty, has been the cause. Tod Sloan was not the first jockey from America who introduced what is still regarded by many as the monkey-on-the-stick seat. A little negro named Sims, who had barely emerged from the stable-boy class, was the first to give English racegoers an exhibition of it; but Sloan was the first to cause serious notice to be taken of it. He and other American jockeys were all trained to ride by the clock, and it made us recognise that our jockeys were not going the right pace furlong by furlong, and that we had not quite emerged from the old 4-mile heats practice of doddering along for about 3½ miles and only really galloping the rest.

These Americans made our jockeys go the "correct pace and forbade their turning a 1½-mile contest into a 5-furlong sprint in which all the time is put on in those last few hectic moments. Whether by causing our jockeys to lose the help of two of the most valuable of the "aids," the legs and the body-sway, they did us any good, is quite another matter. Wind pressure can be avoided without practically kneeling on the saddle.

Georges Stern, who won the Derby on Sunstar in 1911, was a Frenchman, not an American; the team which won the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup in 1911 was the 4th Dragoon Guards, who beat the Blues 5-4. There has never been a 10th Dragoon Guards, that number being reserved for a very famous Hussar regiment, also much renowned in the polo world. The introduction to the racing section is written by "Robin Goodfellow" (Eric Rickman, the *Daily Mail* racing correspondent), and the only quarrel I have with it is that there is not more of it, since our friend is always so pleasant to read. It is quite impossible to deal as fully as might be wished with every section of this useful book, but I feel it would be quite wrong to conclude this little appreciation without complimenting Mr. Ronald Symond upon a masterpiece of tact in dealing with the Body-Line Epoch, which almost caused an international fracas. "... By tacit agreement this form of cricket tactics lapsed into desuetude." Magnificent!

## Becher

HE did not fall off Conrad in the first-ever Grand National in 1839 and then dive into the now-famous brook, which in those days was 8 ft. wide and not only 6 ft. deep! It ought not to be necessary to defend the gallant captain's riding honour after all these years, during which the story has been told often enough, but I find that it is, since I have a letter asking whether it was not because "Becher took a nose-dive into the brook that it got its name." Not so! Conrad took a legitimate fall over the post and rails which then guarded this rivulet, and Becher, with Lottery, ridden by Jem Mason, who won, and three others absolutely in his pocket, did the only sensible thing and got in as close under the fence as possible. He had to get into the brook or he would have been jumped on and probably killed.

He remounted Conrad, but when the horse got to the same obstacle the second time round he fell again, of course remembering the previous disaster. Horses are like that. Becher never rode a winner of the Grand National, but he did steer the winner of the first Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, a horse called The Duke. The race was organised by a Mr. Lym, of the Waterloo Hotel, in Liverpool, so the winner's name was quite appropriate. History suggests that Becher was very first-class indeed, and not the owner of the wash-ball type of seat.



Mr. H. H. Scott-Willey, of Homewood, Chipstead, Surrey, Master of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles. The meet was at Tandridge



Three followers making good headway through a stubble field were Mr. R. J. Chapman, Mr. R. J. Freeman and Dr. W. A. Lethem



Mr. M. C. Layton, hon. secretary of the Worcester Park and Buckland, and Mrs. C. M. Hart chatting at the meet. The other pack at the Brickmakers Arms were the West Surrey and Horsell

Beagles Meet near  
Oxted, Surrey





Shooting in  
Northumberland

At a recent shooting party at Craster Towers, Northumberland, the bag was thirty brace of pheasants. The party included (left to right) Col. Sale, Mr. C. Crawhall, Mr. E. Maling, Mr. J. M. Craster (the host), Lord Ravensworth, Major P. Bell, Miss Crawhall, the Misses Granlund, Col. the Hon. H. Bridgeman and the Hon. Mr. Justice Stable

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S

# BOOK REVIEWS

"Lady Gregory's Journals, 1916-1930"

"More Deadly than the Male"

"Our Bird Book"

"English Glass"

**L**ADY GREGORY'S JOURNALS, 1916-1930" (Putnam; 18s.) have had as their editor Lennox Robinson. His has been no small task, for the *Journals* in full comprise 500,000 words, and it was necessary, before publication, to reduce these to 140,000. Not only was abridgment involved—arrangement of matter, but the susceptibilities of a number of living persons called for discrimination on the editor's part.

What good judgment Mr. Robinson has ultimately displayed! Lady Gregory intended the *Journals* for publication, herself typed them from the original pencil script, gave considerable time to their revision, and personally, she has told us, deleted anything likely to cause pain. Were the *Journals*, as she did leave them, wholly innocuous, they would not be as interesting as they are. Her views were vigorous, her expression of them succinct. If not always fair—but who is?—she strikes one as being without malice. For malice one requires both taste and time: Lady Gregory was both a great and a busy woman.

Her own country's debt to her is great; her name remains a resounding one in Ireland. And not only in Ireland—her name has travelled far; so far that it may not be necessary to give, with regard to her, introductory facts. Lady Gregory, née Augusta Persse, of Roxboro', Co. Galway, was born in 1852 and died in 1932. In 1880 she married Sir William Gregory, of Coole Park, Gort, in the same county. Of the marriage there was one son, Robert, who became a distinguished painter, but met his death as an airman flying over Italy in the 1914-18 war. Robert left behind him a wife

and three children, Richard, Anne and Catherine: these three grandchildren, for whom Lady Gregory passionately desired and ceaselessly worked to keep Coole alive, figure constantly in the *Journals*.

As a private figure, purely, Lady Gregory would rank as one of those indomitable women who leave both their personal and their moral impress on time. But she was to be more than a private figure: she is known as one of the prime movers in the Irish literary renaissance—a renaissance which did so much to restore the dignity of her country, and whose effects were, moreover, widely felt in contemporary cultural life elsewhere.

In that new stir of national art, drama filled a prominent, in fact, the central, place: from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Lady Gregory's memory is inseparable. Notable dramatist in her own right—few of us anywhere can have been so unlucky as not to have seen performed at least one of her plays—she also threw herself heart and soul into the promotion of the theatre's interests, and the often heated problems of its affairs. Her friendship and working collaboration with W. B. Yeats counted for much in their two lives, and for not, in its outcome, less in that of Ireland.

SHE said somewhere, Mr. Robinson tells us, that she would like the *Journals* to be published in sequence. As against that, she herself put on record that, being a dramatist, she saw her life in scenes. As she notes in the same entry, she played many parts: each made tremendous demands upon her; into each she entered fully; in each she remained, herself.

"There are dominant things," says her editor "in everybody's life. Lady Gregory's life was full of varied interests, but I think her dominants were Coole, her writing, the Abbey Theatre and, for her last sixteen years, the fret about the Lane Pictures." On consideration, Mr. Robinson decided to give the *Journals* not in sequence but (as in her own dramatised view) in scenes—or, to be exact, under subject-headings. Accordingly, this book is arranged as follows: "Coole," "The Abbey Theatre," "Politics" (comprising "The Terror" and "The Civil War"), "Persons and Books," "The Lane Pictures" and, final and charming section, "Odds and Ends."

The reviewer must try to look at *Lady Gregory's Journals* from two angles—that of her compatriots, and that of the general, non-Irish reader. For the Irish man or woman, these pages are packed with fascinating, important and, occasionally, combustible matter—dearly do we love controversy, closely and keenly do we follow its course; inexhaustible is our interest in the personalities involved and the shots, however polite, exchanged. Nor do I know, now that I come to think of it, that this taste is exclusively Irish: it may be generically human—only, in this case, the backgrounds of the Abbey Theatre and the Lane Pictures sections are nearer, and, therefore, more vital, to Irish people.

For the general reader, I should say, clear explanatory notes and bridge passages have been supplied by the editor. The "Persons and Books" section should be of equal interest on both sides of the water—here, for instance, is one of the lively entries concerning George Bernard Shaw:

(January 20th, 1922.) I asked G.B.S. when he would come back to Ireland, but he said, "No. I'll not go. I would be treated as the common enemy." I said De Valera had promised to join the others against the common enemy, so he might come to unite the two parties. He said: "I am growing fonder of England now, as Napoleon grew fonder of France than of Corsica because he had conquered it. One always loves the country one has conquered best, and I have conquered England; they hang on every word from my lips."

The "Terror" and "Civil War" sections—rather, I think, misleadingly and, indeed, unhappily grouped under "Politics"; for we have other kinds—will come to the general, or British, reader as a distinct but maybe salutary shock: the former consists, entirely, of Black-and-Tan atrocities. During that period, the most horrible in her life, Lady Gregory made tireless efforts to contact real public opinion in England. Could she only have done so as fully as she wished! . . . The Civil War, with its tension and bizarre interludes, overlaps on the Coole opening—to my mind the most valuable section of the book.

INDEED, to the general reader it is Lady Gregory herself, as a character, rather than the Lady Gregory of the activities, who will appeal. In her loves she is lovable (or, at least, sympathetic); as planner and fighter she is somewhat daunting; as artist (by the showing of the *Journals*) reserved to the point of being remote. She was of the Ascendancy; and she could but bring the Ascendancy attitude, it would appear, into all she did—for better, I should imagine, as often as for worse: her faults were the faults of her qualities. If she was high-handed, she was also conscientious, courageous, generous in intention and tormentingly (where she was concerned) honest.

Solitude—though at Coole she sought and loved it—must have worked on her nerves and heightened her tendencies to the extreme: in the long-drawn-out affair, for instance, of the Lane Pictures (Sir Hugh Lane was her nephew), she several times puts on record that news of any reverse made her "faint" or "sick." Her physical energy (and she was well on into age when the *Journal* starts) was stupendous; her austerity no less remarkable. Early risings; waits in raw morning dusk at street corners for the first tram into Dublin; cross-city walks at all hours in pouring rain, culminating in fateful sweepings-in to more inert people's houses, to drip over their carpets; tea-and-bread-and-butter lunches, and cocoa suppers after critical evenings at the Abbey; resolute third-class travel—all these, reiterately noted, get one down. Are we degenerating?

Grande dame, she had little patience left for her own class: her comments on a certain Dublin tea party are blighting. She liked meeting workers, and many, many times says so—with a naïveté of which we would be incapable now, and a lack of patronage for which she is to be honoured. As an Irishwoman, nationalist to the core, she kept a close moral watch on her own attitude: on the occasion of yet another reverse (at the hands of England) in the battle for the Lane Pictures, she comments: "One hates one's own bitterness of feeling as much as the injustice itself."

Coole, on her return from cities, never lost its power to restore her to harmony and peace. (See the lovely, and characteristic, entry on page 300.) "I sometimes think," she writes, on the last page of this book, "my life has been an affair of enthusiasms."

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

"MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE," by Ambrose Grant (Eyre and

Spottiswoode; 9s.), is a dire, absorbing and haunting tale of London's underworld, and of the suction exercised by it upon one simple soul. George Frazer's outward existence is, when we first meet him, divided between book-touting and affection for the lodging-house cat, Leo. He patrols the suburbs, attempting commission sales of a three-volume product, "The Children's Self-Educator"—on what he makes, he lives. But George, unhappily, inhabits a dream-world of gangsters, gunmen, gun-fights, and dangerous beauties. Psychologists would diagnose this as compensation.

So far, harmless. But then, in the course of his blameless trade, George encounters the terrible Sydney Brant; and through him the still more deadly Cora. The walls between the real and the dream world begin to thin—till, before he knows where he is, George is involved in murder; and, with Sydney's and Cora's scabrous, risky career. Back-street clubs, shady restaurants, mews flats and various other scenes of guilt strew these pages. *More Deadly than the Male* cannot but claim one's attention by one great *tour de force*: the creation of the Brants—who both burn deeply into every page on which they appear. Otherwise, as a novel this is unequal. And you may find it leaves a disagreeable taste in the mouth.

"OUR BIRD BOOK" (Collins; 21s.) is written by Sydney Rogerson, illustrated by Roger Tunncliffe—respectively father and uncle of an exceedingly fortunate little girl called Jane, to whom the volume is dedicated. It is, you may therefore gather, written for Jane's contemporaries—in delightfully clear, conversational (rather than directly instructive) language. But, oh, how I do hope the children will read it, and turn over the pictures, with clean hands; for really I have seldom seen a lovelier production than *Our Bird Book*. The Tunncliffe coloured plates rival, in their precise brilliant beauty, those in the antique bird, flower and fruit books which are of considerable value now. In fact, they cry out to form part of the decoration of a room. Hands off the scissors!—but why not buy two of this book: one for your child and one to keep for yourself?

"ENGLISH GLASS," by W. B. Honey (Britain in Pictures Series; Collins; 4s. 6d.), will be welcomed by the collector, would-be collector, or even the still vague lover of glass. We are given the history of this art (for it rises above the craft-level), first from the early days, then with special regard to its growth in England. Romans brought it here; when Roman Britain decayed we were to be glassless for several centuries—the Roman influence, Mr. Honey showed, remained latent when glass was made here again, and is still to be found in the simpler, or country, ware. England's taste and outside influences on it are recorded in centuries of fine work.

This book gives satisfying accounts of techniques and processes; and, still better, almost voluptuous descriptions of lovely objects themselves. The peculiar charm and ornamental value of fine quality glass fashioned by an expert is very thoroughly discussed. Illustrations, in colour and otherwise, complete this attractive book. Mr. Honey gives examples of modern design; and also puts in a plea for the mass-produced—he finds no reason why this should not, also, please.



*A Glee Club (about 1800): One of the numerous illustrations in "The English Townsman," Thomas Burke's last book, which has just been published by Batsford at 12s. 6d.*



Ross, Angus  
Major Macmillan Douglas, M.B.E., of Brighton, Angus, and his wife with their infant son, Angus William Macmillan, after the christening at St. John's Church, Forfar. Capt. Q. Curzon and Capt. B. Oxley-Boyle were the godfathers



Mr. and Mrs. Denis Macduff Burke and their infant daughter, Helma, at Sunningdale Church, Berks. T.H. Princesses Marie Louise and Helena Victoria were godmothers. Mrs. Burke is the elder daughter of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen



Major and Mrs. Kennett Sweeting after the christening of their son, James Kennett, at Upton Grey Church, near Basingstoke. Major Sweeting is in the Coldstream Guards. Mrs. Sweeting is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Seth-Smith, of Princes Gate, W.

# CHRISTENINGS





**Blair — Travers**

Major Chandos Blair, *The Seaforth Highlanders*, younger son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. Blair, of Drumdulnies, Nairn, married Miss Audrey Mary Travers, younger daughter of Mr. Guy Travers, of Bombay, and Mrs. Guy Travers, of 23a, Eaton Square, at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Canon F. H. Gillingham officiated

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**Horsley — Courtenay**

Capt. Harold Cecil Moreton Horsley, *Derbyshire Yeomanry*, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Horsley, of Widcombe, Harpenden, married Lady Angela Leslie Courtenay, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Devon, and of the Dowager Countess of Devon, of The Cottage, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, at St. Clement's, Powderham, Devon



**Wyndham — Winn**

Capt. Mark Wyndham, M.C., 12th Lancers, youngest son of Col. the Hon. Edward Wyndham, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wyndham, of 18, Orchard Court, Portman Square, married Miss Anne Winn, younger daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn, of Charles Street, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review of Weddings



**Russell — Prestige**

Sir Charles Ian Russell, Bt., only son of the late Capt. Sir Alec Russell, Bt., M.C., and of Mrs. Faviell, and stepson of Brig. John Faviell, O.B.E., M.C., married Miss Rosemary Prestige, elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Prestige, of Bourne Park, Bishopscourt, Kent, at the Catholic Church of St. Thomas, Canterbury



**Farr — Pavlov**

Mr. Derek Farr, actor son of Mrs. Vera Farr, of Tonbridge, married Miss Muriel Pavlov, the well-known actress, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boris Pavlov, of Sauvehelin, West Way, Rickmansworth, at the Baptist Chapel, Rickmansworth



**Reed Felstead — Lee**

Capt. Norman Reed Felstead, *Royal Sussex Regt.*, son of Mrs. Wether of Kingston, Sussex, and A.D.C. to Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas, British Commander-in-Chief, Germany, married Miss June Lee, only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. A. S. G. Lee, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

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The second suit, in navy wool, has the new longer jacket line and detachable silk pique facing at the neck and cuffs. Both models are fully lined. Matita at Dickins and Jones

**Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis**



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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss Mary St. Leger-Chambers**, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. W. and Mrs. St. Leger-Chambers, of the Rectory, Long Stratton, Norfolk, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Aubrey Rex Vivian Harris, F.B.O.A., of Robson House, Newton Road, W.2.



**Miss Gwendolyne Myrtle Lidgate**, daughter of Mr. G. Lidgate and the late Mrs. Lidgate, of Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is to marry Lt. Harry James Startin, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Startin, of Vancouver, and grandson of Admiral Sir James Startin, K.C.B., A.M.



**Miss Jean Fetherstonhaugh**, who is to marry Capt. James Russell McCarthy, M.C., the Cameronians, this month, is the daughter of the late Major A. E. H. Fetherstonhaugh, 14th King's Hussars, and of Mrs. W. R. Calvert, of Wetmore, Onibury, Shropshire



**Miss Barbara I. Holdsworth**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Holdsworth, of Oak Tree House, Bickley, Kent, who is marrying in the summer Lt. I. G. W. Robertson, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Robertson, of Southbeech, Bickley



**Miss Pamela June Circuit** and **Mr. H. J. L. Osbourn**, who have recently announced their engagement. Miss Circuit is the daughter of Mrs. P. H. Hansen, of 146 Oakwood Court, W.14, and Mr. A. J. Circuit, and Mr. Osbourn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Osbourn, of Westbrooke, Welling, Kent



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# Oliver Stewart on FLYING

I HAVE only one grouse about the decision of the Air League of the British Empire to hold an extended flying meeting at Squire's Gate, Blackpool, in July, and that is that the dates clash with the International Air Exhibition in Brussels. The Air League meeting is to run from the 9th to the 30th, and the Brussels Show from the 4th to the 20th.

On the other hand it would have been difficult to avoid a clash of some kind and there can be no doubt that from every other point of view the Air League plan is sound. The public is thirsty for a good aviation meeting with racing, aerobatics and the rest of it. And such meetings always do give an impetus to aviation in general.

Lately we have had little to take our minds off accidents and military activities. The younger generation knows nothing of the joys that the spectators at the pre-1914 Hendon meetings used to know during the pylon racing, the aerobatics and upside down flying, the parachute drops and the night flying.

Blackpool was the place chosen for air meetings which took place even before those Hendon events. From what I know of Blackpool I would say that the one and only epithet that fits it, the *mot juste*, is that ghastly term "big-hearted." At any rate it is the right spot for an uninhibited, noisy and rollicking air meeting. Aviation has tended to become too genteel lately, so the Blackpool air will do it good.

## Whose Pigeon?

SINCE the inquiry into the air crash at Stowting in January is not judicial, and since the subsequent Croydon and Copenhagen crashes have focused attention on it, I suppose that one may talk freely about it while it is still in progress.

As I write there remains more evidence to be heard and it will be some time before the results are known. But the central point is already visible. It concerns the prime responsibility. Hitherto the captain of an

aircraft has been in the same position as the captain of a ship and has had absolute authority.

There have been many attempts—always so far resisted—to upset this arrangement. And I am pretty sure that we are shortly going to see another such attempt. The idea has now got about that the ground controller should be in a position to order a pilot in the air what he is to do. At present his only power is to advise him.

## Pilot Knows Best

THE pilot's point of view always appeals to me more than any other, and I think that a great deal of care will be needed before altering the fundamental structure of aviation discipline. As I have already pointed out, there is no evidence as yet—in any actual case—to show that the ground controller would be a better or safer guide than the captain of the aircraft. On the contrary there has been much evidence to show that, under the present arrangements, the ground controllers in civil aviation (I specifically exclude R.A.F. controllers) would be far less safe guides than the captain of the aircraft.

If, by any chance, an alteration is made and the responsibility is handed from the aircraft captain to the controller, I hope that when accidents happen we shall not have the old formula repeated about an "error of judgment on the part of the pilot." It would be quite a change to hear that someone sitting safely on the ground had committed an "error of judgment" leading to an aircraft crash.

## Jet Tudor

IT is good news that an all-jet Tudor is being prepared. When I reported my experiences as a passenger in the jet-engined Lancastrian I pleaded for the use of jets in air liners at the earliest possible moment. It is only by quick work that we shall reap the benefit of our lead in jet design, for the Republic Rainbow is



F/Lt. P. H. D. McConnell, R.A.F.V.R., helping his bride cut the cake after their recent wedding at Christ Church, Rhyl. Mrs. McConnell was Miss Marjorie Turner, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Turner, of Rhyl, and met her husband while serving in the W.A.A.F. in Ceylon

cruising with piston engines at almost jet speeds. It would be—so far as I can see—a good aircraft for a direct conversion to jets. Yet it would be a lasting disgrace to British aviation if the Americans were to get there first.

So let us hope that the jet Tudor (its jets will be Rolls-Royce Nenes by the way) is given priority over most other air-liner jobs. The Tudors have not been lucky up to the present. The change over to jets might change their luck.

## Gliding

MINISTERS express "interest" in a great many things, but I fear that their "interest" is not often of great practical value. However there will be a test in the gliding world. For a certain club enjoys not only Ministerial "interest" but also a Ministerial promise. If the club gets its buildings and gets back into operation at once we may be inclined to look more trustingly on Ministerial interest and promises.

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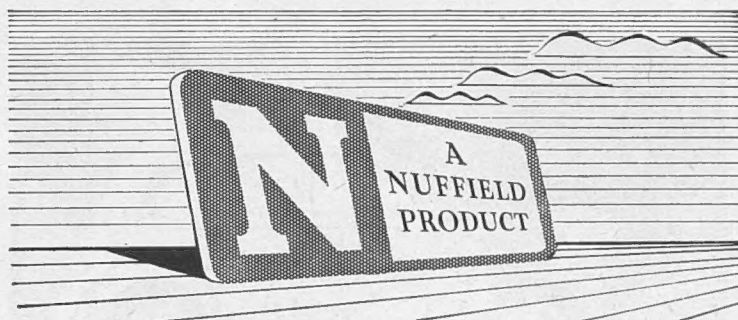
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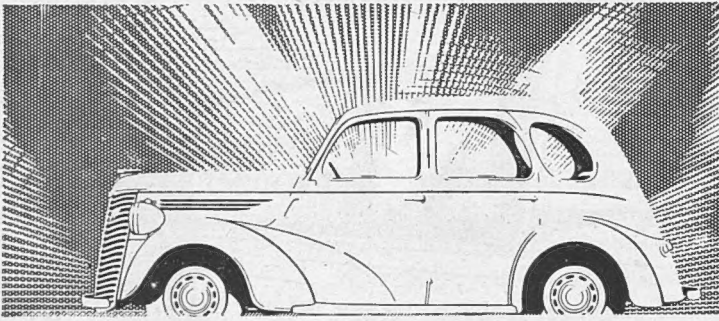
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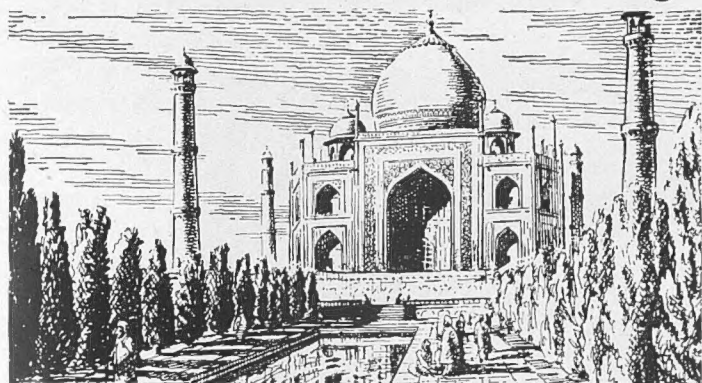
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